

WEIRD!

FANTASTIC!

ASTOUNDING!

# BAFFLING

NOVEMBER 10c



MYSTERIES



**"The bonds William and I bought  
for our country's defense  
helped build a house for us!"**

**NOW U. S. SAVINGS BONDS PAID OFF  
FOR MRS. ROSE NYSSER OF BRISOL, PA.**

*"There's nothing more wonderful than a house  
and garden of your own," says Mrs. Nysser,  
"and no surer way to own one than to save for it  
through U. S. Savings Bonds and the  
safe, sure Payroll Savings Plan!"*



Mrs. Rose Nysser says,  
"In 1942 William and I  
started making U. S.  
Savings Bonds a part  
of our plan for financial  
security. I joined the  
Payroll Savings Plan  
at the Brumhart Soap  
Co. where I work, and  
began buying a \$100  
bond a month, knowing  
my money was safe and  
working for me. U. S.  
Savings Bonds certainly  
made a saving habit!"



"Savings Bonds alone  
made a \$5,000 down  
payment on our home!"  
says Mrs. Nysser. "Al-  
together, we've saved  
\$5,000 just in bonds  
bought through Payroll  
Savings, and we are  
keeping right on. When  
needed, our bonds will  
make the difference be-  
tween rental and just  
paying for. Bonds offer  
a profitable and peace-  
ful way to security."

**You can do what the Nyssers are doing  
—the time to start is now!**

Maybe you can't save quite as much as  
William and Rose Nysser; maybe you can  
save more. But the important thing is to  
start now! It only takes three simple steps.

1. Make the big decision—to get saving first—  
before you even draw your pay.
2. Decide to save a regular amount system-  
atically, week after week, or month after month.  
Even small sums, saved on a systematic basis,  
become a large sum in an amazingly short time!
3. Start saving by signing up today in the  
Payroll Savings Plan where you work.

You'll be providing security not only for  
yourself and your family, but for the  
blended free way of life that's so very im-  
portant to every American.

**FOR YOUR SECURITY, AND YOUR  
COUNTRY'S TOO, SAVE NOW—  
THROUGH REGULAR PURCHASE OF  
U. S. SAVINGS BONDS!**



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# APPOINTMENT IN HADES





THAT WILL STOP YOUR TONGUE--AND GIVE ME A CHANCE TO GET AWAY!



LEAVING THE DEAD BODY OF THE NURSE IN THE HOSPITAL TENT, MARSH SUCCEEDED IN AVOIDING TROOPS, BY HIDING IN FIELDS AND SWAMPS. THAT WERE TIRED AND HUNGRY, AND PURSUED BY BEAST CREATURES, THAT HE TOLD HIMSELF WERE ONLY A PART OF HIS IMAGINATION, HE SAW SHELTER...

FOOD AND REST--THAT'S THE THING TO CHASE AWAY THESE HALLUCINATIONS!



AN AMERICAN SOLDIER IS ALWAYS WELCOME AT THIS CHATEAU! I AM YVONNE ZARCOULT--ALL THAT IS LEFT OF MY FAMILY! COME IN--I STILL HAVE WINE AND BREAD FOR ONE OF OUR BRAVE LIBERATORS!



BUT INSIDE THE CHATEAU...

ADIEU! WH--WHEN YOU ENTERED, THE CHAIRS ON THE SHIRTS WENT OUT! AND--AND YOU CAST NO SHADOW!



THOSE THINGS MEAN YOU ARE NOT OF THIS WORLD, BUT OF A WORLD OF DARKNESS! AIEEEE! YES, IT IS TRUE! YOU BELONG TO THE DEVIL! HIS MARK IS ON YOUR FOREHEAD!



HELP! HELP!

I'LL SHUT THAT SCREAMING MOUTH OF YOURS!



U  
G  
H

THIS FIREPLACE WILL BE BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD HER BODY--AND I'LL TAKE OVER THIS PLACE FOR MYSELF! I'LL TELL EMPEROR I'M A RELATIVE FROM AMERICA--THE LAST OF THE ZARCOULTS! HA! HA!



HE'VE MARKED MYSELF FOR VOLAND'S BODY TO BURN. HE THOUGHT OF THE STRANGE THINGS SAM HAD SAID.

IT'S THERE ALL RIGHT--THAT MARK ON MY FOREHEAD AND THAT CRAZY NIGHTMARE I HAD WHEN I ALMOST DROWNED. BEFORE THE WAVES THREW ME UP ON THE BEACH AND THE STRETCHER BEARERS PICKED ME UP. AND THOSE THINGS THAT FOLLOWED ME?



BUT I CAN'T BE DEAD! PEOPLE DON'T KEEP WALKING AROUND WHEN THEY'RE DEAD! I'LL KEEP THAT MARK COVERED WITH MAKE-UP, AND I'LL LIVE HERE AND ENJOY MYSELF!



HARSH HEATH--YOU BELONG TO ME, BUT CANNOT COMPLETELY BE MINE UNTIL YOUR COMRADES ARE READY TO RELEASE YOUR BODY INTO MY HANDS! THE FIRST MORTGAGE BELONGS TO THEM--AND THEY ARE NOT OF MY REALM! AND SO I HOLD ONLY PART OF YOU! BUT SOON I SHALL HAVE ALL OF YOU!



AS TIME PASSED, MARK SEEMED TO PROSPER. HE BOSS-BOSS OF THE JARPCOURT AMT. PARADISE. BUT ALTHOUGH HE WAS THE RICHEST MAN IN THE VILLAGE, HE WAS REVERED WITH FEAR, RESPECT AND HATRED...

THERE IS SOMETHING EVIL ABOUT HIM! I DO NOT BELIEVE HE IS A JARPCOURT AND THAT VOLAND HAS GONE TO AMERICA!



I WANT SOME GUYS TO WORK FOR ME AT THE CHATEAU YOU'RE ALL STAYING IN THIS CRUMMY VILLAGE, AND YOU'VE GOT NO OTHERS, SO YOU'D BETTER NOT ACT SO SMUG!!



BUT BETTER TO STARVE THAN WORK FOR YOU, M'BOSS

THEY COULDN'T KNOW ABOUT WHAT I'VE DONE AND THE STRANGE THINGS I SEE! THOSE NIGHTMARE EVERY NIGHT!



THE NIGHTS ARE PRETTY SCARY, AREN'T THEY? MARK'D YOU ARE THEY REALLY NIGHTMARE?



WHENEVER AMONG HEATH MEN, HE WAS PURSUED BY Frenzied Demons!

IT'S THAT CHATEAU MYSTERY ME THE GREEKS, BEING THERE ALONE! I'LL GO UP TO PARIS--AND HAVE A GOOD TIME FOR MYSELF!



I'M HERE, AT A CAFE...

HELLO--REMEMBER ME?

WELL, YOU DO LOOK FAMILIAR... BUT I DON'T... WILL YOU JOIN ME?



I'M WAITING FOR FOUR FRIENDS! THEY'RE AMERICANS, TOO!

WELL, WE'LL HAVE A PARTY!



HELLO, HEATH! NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN! YOU CAN JOIN OUR REUNION! IT'S THE 25TH OF JUNE, YOU KNOW!

WH--WHY... WHAT...?



YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN US, HAVE YOU? I'M CHASBURN, AND THIS IS SINDAL, IRVING AND HOWARD? WE WERE ALL IN THE SAME OUTFIT--REMEMBER?

OH--THEN YOU WEREN'T...?



WOHNT BILLIE, YOU HEART? THAT DAY BACK THERE ON THE BEACHHEAD WHEN THE SHOT POURED IT INTO US AND YOU PULLED OUT? DO WE LOOK DEAD?



NO--NO--YOU DON'T? I'M GLAD! AND I HOPE YOU AREN'T BORE AT ME, BUT I...

SURE, HEATH--WE UNDERSTAND! YOU HAD TO SAVE YOUR OWN SKIN! BUT YOU DIDN'T, DID YOU? OR AT LEAST, WHAT YOU SAID IS JUST "WATING AROUND"? YOU DID THAT SAME DAY WE GO, HEATH?



**SOCIETY'S STRANGE TRANSFORMATION?**

NO FIND? YOU AREN'T REAL? AND I'M NOT DEAD? I'M NOT?



WE'RE JUST AS DEAD AS YOU ARE, HEATH, AND YOU'RE JUST AS DEAD AS WE ARE! YOU'RE WALKING THE EARTH ON TIME YOU BORROWED FROM OTHER GUYS-- AND A COUPLE OF GIRLS--UNTIL THEY GET AROUND TO COLLECTING!



IT-IT'S ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE NIGHTMARES FOR MAYBE I'M GOING CRAZY?

YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH US, HEATH? DO YOU THINK YOU CAN GET AWAY FROM IT? THIS IS COLLECTION DAY-- AND A REUNION!



I, TOO, WILL BE JOINING YOUR REUNION TONIGHT, MARSH, IN THE CHATEAU YOU STOLE FROM ME!

TO LANCE! YIEEE EE!



NONE OF YOU WILL GET ME! I'LL SET OUT OF FRANCE! I'LL GO TO SWITZERLAND! I WON'T DOUBT I'LL HAVE!

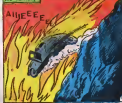


IN A REUNION, MARSH, EVERYBODY STAYS TOGETHER!

NO! NO!



IN A WHILE MOMENT, IT BECAME TO MARSH THAT THE ROAD AHEAD OF HIM WAS A MASS OF BIOLOGICAL FLAMES THAT KEPT HIM FROM SEEING WHERE HE WAS DRIVING, AND THE MOCKING LAUGHTER OF HIS STRANGE PASSENGERS ADDED TO HIS TERROR!





MARSH "SNEW" WHEN THEY PICKED HIM OUT OF THE BURNED WRECKAGE OF HIS CAR AND PEOPLE FROM THE DRACOURT VILLAGE CAME AND IDENTIFIED HIM AS THE "STRANGE ONE OF THE DUNTEAD". . .

YES HE IS DEAD? IT IS WELL, IF YOU ASK ME!

IT WAS ONLY DECENT TO PUT HIM IN A COFFIN, BUT WHO WILL ARRANGE FOR THE FUNERAL? THAT MARK ON HIS FOREHEAD--HE DOES NOT BELONG IN OUR GENERITY!



YES, MARSH COULD HEAR THEM, AND HE WANTED TO SCREAM AT THEM, BUT HE COULDN'T! THEN, WHEN THE VILLAGERS LEFT, THE OTHERS CAME, NOW HE COULD TALK, BUT HE COULDN'T MOVE...

THESE "NIGHTMARE"---AS YOU CALLED THEM, DEATH---THOSE WEREN'T NIGHTMARE! THEY WERE JUST A TASTE OF YOUR PERMANENT PAIN---THE WAY YOU'LL SPEND ETERNITY!

NO! NO! HELP ME! SAVE ME!



WE WILL LEAVE THAT DECISION UNTIL MORNING! COME--IT IS DROWING DARK AND I HAVE NO TASTE FOR REMAINS HERE AT NIGHT!



WE COULDN'T HELP YOU IF WE WANTED TO, NOW!

I TOLD YOU YOU'D SEE US IN HADES-- BUT SINCE ALL OF US WERE LUCKY ENOUGH TO GET INTO A BETTER PLACE, YOU WERE KEPT ON EARTH, UNTIL WE GOT A CHANCE TO SEE YOUR END!



THE MARK OF THE DEVIL HAS BEEN ON YOU SINCE THE DAY YOU DROWNED, AND NOW HE IS READY TO CLAIM YOU! SO LONG, DEATH--WE WON'T BE SEEING YOU!

DON'T LEAVE ME!



YOU LEFT US! REMEMBER? BACK THERE ON THE BEACH! NOW THE REASON IS OVER! OUR TIME IS UP!

EEEE



DRACOURT DRACOURT WENT UP IN FLAMES TWO AGO, THE VILLAGERS WERE BURNED THAT IT HAD BEEN INHABITED BY A DEVIL, WHO HAD BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR VOLANDER'S DEEP FEARANCE, BUT THE FIRST DEATH FIVE TOOK FROM EARTH ALL THAT REMAINED OF A MAN WHO LEARNED THAT YOU CAN'T CREAT DEATH ANY MORE THAN YOU CAN CREAT LIFE!



# BAFFLING MYSTERIES

THE GREAT ITALIAN COMPOSER, RONDO AMADI, MET AN UNTIMELY DEATH IN THE LATE 18TH CENTURY. A FIRE DESTROYED HIS VILLA OUTSIDE OF ROME, AND WITH IT WAS GONE THE MANUSCRIPT OF HIS GREATEST VIOLIN CONCERTO. TO THIS DAY THE BURNED-OUT FUNDS STILL REMAIN AS A SHAME TO THE GREAT COMPOSER. ONE NIGHT IN 1887, TWO COMPOSERS VISITED THIS FALLOUS SHAME...

SO THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE AMADI DIED? TOO BAD HIS VIOLIN CONCERTO WAS DESTROYED WITH HIM! IT WAS SAID TO BE HIS GREATEST WORK. NOW THE WORLD WILL NEVER HEAR IT!

SAY—WHAT'S THAT?



SUDDENLY, FROM THE DARK, A BUSTY FIGURE APPEARED...

A GHOST?

IT'S THE GHOST OF AMADI!



THE PHANTOM PLUCKED A VIOLIN TO HIS CHEST AND PLAYED THROUGH THE NIGHT...

LISTEN TO HIM PLAY! I'VE NEVER HEARD ANYTHING SO BEAUTIFUL BEFORE!

QUIET! I'M COPYING THIS DOWN! HE IS PLAYING IT OVER AND OVER, AS THOUGH HE MEANT ME TO RECORD IT!



WHEN THE STRANGEST MUSIC HAD OVER, THE TWO MEN RACED BACK TO ROME WITH THE NOTES OF THE CONCERTO THEY HAD HEARD...

I TELL YOU IT IS AMADI'S LOST VIOLIN CONCERTO!

WOULD YOU KNOW THE MANUSCRIPT WAS DESTROYED IN THE FIRE? BUT I MUST ADMIT IT SOUNDS LIKE AN AMADI WORK!



THE CONCERTO'S AUTHENTICITY WAS ARGUED ABOUT IN MUSICAL CIRCLES FOR TEN YEARS. BUT ONE DAY, THE GAME-PLAYER OF THE AMADI SHRINE MADE AN AMAZING DISCOVERY...

WHAT'S THIS UNDER THE WALL? A MANUSCRIPT? WHY, IT'S THE "AMADI VIOLIN CONCERTO"! I MUST TAKE IT TO ROME!



WHEN THE NEWLY DISCOVERED MANUSCRIPT WAS BROUGHT TO LIGHT, IT WAS COMPARED TO THE MUSIC RECORDED BY THE TWO MEN AT THE AMADI SHRINE TEN YEARS BEFORE TO THE AMAZEMENT OF THE WORLD. THE MUSIC WAS IDENTICAL! WHO CAN EXPLAIN THE CURIOUS FACT THAT THE MUSIC OF AMADI WAS GIVEN TO THE WORLD BY A GHOSTLY FIGURE PLAYING A VIOLIN TEN YEARS BEFORE IT WAS DISCOVERED? AND SO, ONE MORE STRANGE TALE TOOK ITS PLACE IN THE ANNALS OF THE SUPERNATURAL!

# STEP INTO MY GRAVE!

NO! NO! IT CANNOT BE! THAT CREATURE THAT PASSEDBY HE LOOKED LIKE MY BROTHER NIKEL-- BUT IN A STRANGE, HORRIBLE WAY!

TYSON BLANCHARD WOULD NOT HAVE MISTAKEN THE WORLD TO KNOW HOW DEAD HE WAS WHEN HIS OLDER BROTHER NIKEL SINGLY DIED FOR NIKEL'S DEATH MEANT THAT TYSON WOULD INHERIT THE BEST PLANTATIONS IN LOUISIANA AND THE WEALTH HE HAD ALWAYS COVETED. HE LEFT HIS JOB AS AN OBSCURE CLERK IN NEW YORK WHEN HE CAME DOWN TO HIS BROTHER'S FUNERAL, AND NOW LIFE SEEMED TO HOLD EVERYTHING A MAN COULD DESIRE. THEN, SODDENLY, THE FRENCH HORROR OF AN UNKNOWN WORLD BARRICADED HIS PATH.

A STRANGE AND MORING FASCINATION MADE TYSON FOLLOW THE OBJECT HE HAD SEEN...

I - I KNOW NIKEL IS DEAD! I SAW HIM IN HIS CASKET-- SAW THE CASKET LOWERED INTO THE GRAVE! BUT THIS THING-- I MUST FOLLOW BLAND AND SEE WHERE IT GOES!

THE THING TYSON WAS FOLLOWING "DROVE" INTO THE REAR GARDEN AND DISAPPEARED INTO A BUILDING THAT SEEMED FILLED WITH ABANDONED STUFFS...

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR BLANCHARD?

WHY? - I THOUGHT I SAW SOMEONE I KNEW! WAS FOLLOWING HIM! I SAW YOUR DOOR OPEN AND I THOUGHT HE MIGHT HAVE COME IN HERE!



THE GIRL WAS ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL. TYSON HAD NEVER SEEN HE WAS INSTANTLY INTERESTED AND IMAGINED, EVEN THOUGH PART OF HIS MIND STILL CLUNG TO THE REGULAR OBJECT HE HAD FOLLOWED ...

I AM EMMA, VANDERBILT'S ARTIST / DON'T MIND MY PET, I CANNOT BEAR TO SEE A CAT WITHOUT A HOME, AND I GATHER IN THE STAIRS!

WHAT IS THE NAME OF THE PERSON YOU SEEK? PERHAPS I KNOW HIM!

I'M SURE YOU DON'T! PLEASE DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT! MY NAME IS TYSON BLANDON! I HOPE YOU WILL FORGIVE ME FOR INTRODUCING!

TYSON BLANDON? YOUR BROTHER NIEL-WAS A VERY DEAR FRIEND OF MINE! I AM SURPRISED I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU INSTANTLY!

W-W-W YOU KNOW NIEL?

IT WAS SOMEONE WHO LOOKED LIKE NIEL. I WAS FOLLOWING!

REALLY? WELL PERHAPS IT HAS MEANT FOR US TO MEET!

BEFORE HE LEFT EMMA'S STUDIO, TYSON MADE A DATE WITH HER FOR THAT NIGHT, BUT SOMETHING MADE HIM STOP AT THE CEMETERY ON HIS WAY BACK TO THE PLANTATION ...

NO... NO... JUST PAYING MY RESPECTS TO THE DEAD...

MORROWEEN WOULD SOMETHING?

WHILE IN THE BACK ROOM OF EMMA MORROWEEN'S STUDIO, A STRANGE SCENE WAS TAKING PLACE!

TONIGHT AT MIDNIGHT YOU WILL TAKE POSSESSION OF NIEL BLANDON'S PLANTATION! NIEL WILL LEAD YOU THERE! KEEP YOURSELVES HIDDEN, READY TO OBEY MY COMMANDS! DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I SAY?

YES, MAMMOON-- WE UNDERSTAND-- WE OBEY!

THAT NIGHT, THE NOCTURNAL MARCH OF THE FIGHTERS TOWARD THE BLANDON PLANTATION WAS LED BY THE MAN TO WHOM THE PLANTATION ONCE BELONGED, AND THE SILENT SOUND OF THEIR MOANS DRIFTED OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE ...



WHILE IN A GLAMOROUS AND ROMANTIC SETTING, DATE ANOTHER SCENE HAS TAKEN PLACE...



BUT THAT MEANT, WHEN TYSON RETURNED TO THE PLANTATION...



THAT VOICE / IT-IT'S MISLE! / THE THING AGAIN? THE THING I SAW TODAY / BUT THE DEAD CANNOT COME BACK / I'M DREAMING -- IT'S A NIGHTMARE!



AT THE SAME TIME, NEAR THE PLANTATION...



YHEEEEEEE!  
NO / NO / MAMMAL / LOREY!  
EEETAAAAH!

IT'S HORRIBLE / THOSE AGONIZED SCREAMS!



WHY SHOULD NIGHTMARES OF MISLE HAUNT ME? HE IS DEAD AND HIS POSSESSIONS ARE MINE, AND STILL HE TRIES TO SPOIL THINGS / BUT IT MUST BE MY MIND PLAYING TRICKS ON ME!



THE NEXT DAY, IN THE BEAUTIFUL GARDEN OF THE PLANTATION, TYSON SUCCEEDED IN FULLY CONVINCEING MISLE IF HE HAD BEEN THE FOOT OF A NIGHTMARE. THAT SAME WEEK, HE AND EMMA WERE MARRIED...







SINCE MAMALOE HAS NOT HAD TIME TO ADMINISTER THE POISON TO YOU AS YET, WE WILL DISPOSE OF YOU OTHERWISE! PERHAPS YOUR BROTHER'S GRAVE SHOULD NOT BE UNOCCUPIED!

TYSON GATHERED HIS STRENGTH AND TORE THE CLAW-LIKE FINGERS FROM HIS THROAT! THEN

I'M NOT QUITE READY FOR THE GRAVE YET!

MUST GET TO TOWN AND SET THE ALARM!



SUCKER!!

MAMALOE FIND YOU GONE! MAMALOE HUNT YOU!

NO! NO! LET ME ALIVE! I'M TRYING TO SAVE YOU ALL! I'M TRYING TO GET HELP FOR YOU!



TOO LATE TO SAVE-- TOO LATE -- TOO LATE!



TYSON WAS CHARGED THROUGH THE SHANTY TO A SCENE OF CHILLING HORROR!

NOW, AT LAST SHALL YOU REALLY DIE, HIGEL BLANSON, FOR STEALING THE VOODOO POWER THAT HAS BEEN HANDED DOWN TO ME FROM MY MOTHER, MY GRANDMOTHER, MY GREAT-GRANDMOTHER AND BEYOND! YOUR LIVING HEART SHALL BE TORN FROM YOUR TORTURED BODY BEFORE THE EYES OF YOUR BROTHER, WHO SHALL THEN MEET A LIKE FATE!







# BAFFLING MYSTERIES

#14

LEARN IN THE MOUNTAINS OF MEXICO, IN 1938, TWO YOUNG TOURISTS COMPLETED A DAY'S EXPLORATION. AND THEN, AS DARK FELL, THEY MADE THEIR WAY BACK TO CIVILIZATION, DOWN THE PERILOUS MOUNTAINSIDE. THE DARK NIGHT MADE THEIR WAY UNCERTAIN, AND THEY SEEMED TO BE LOST FOR THE NIGHT. A SHILLING FEAR SWEPT OVER THE TWO YOUNG MEN WHEN THEY REALIZED IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO CONTINUE ON...



"I'M AFRAID, TOM! I THINK WE'VE LOST AND WILL HAVE TO SPEND THE NIGHT UP HERE!"

"WE CAN'T! IF WE STOP HERE, THE COLD MOUNTAIN AIR WOULD FREEZE US TO DEATH!"



"LOOK! UP AHEAD! A BOY ON A DONKEY! MAYBE HE CAN HELP US!"

WITHOUT A WORD, THE BOY ON THE DONKEY TURNED AND beckoned to them to FOLLOW HIM THROUGH THE NIGHT. THE TWO MEN FOLLOWED THE BOY AS HE GUIDED THEM DOWN THE MOUNTAIN. BY MORNING...



"THERE'S THE VILLAGE!"

"WE OWE OUR LIVES TO THAT BOY!"

AS THE TWO MEN TURNED TO THANK HIM, THE FIGURE OF THE BOY AND HIS DONKEY RACED BACK INTO THE MOUNTAINS...



"HE DIDN'T EVEN WAIT FOR OUR THANKS! I WONDER WHY HE'S GOING BACK INTO THE HILLS?"

WHEN THE TWO MEN RELATED THEIR STRANGE ADVENTURE TO THE PEOPLE OF THE TOWN...



"THE BOY YOU DESCRIBE WAS KILLED IN AN ACCIDENT EXACTLY SEVEN YEARS AGO LAST NIGHT IN THESE SAME MOUNTAINS!"

THE SUPERNATURAL EVENT THAT HAD SAVED THE TWO MEN'S LIVES, TO THIS DAY REMAINS UNEXPLAINED. ANOTHER MYSTERY STILL UNDOCKED IN THE ANNALS OF THE SUPERNATURAL!

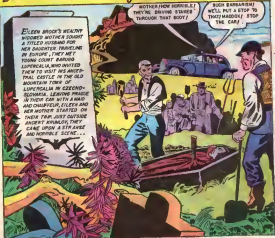
PAGE TWO

# RED TALONS of LUPERCALIA

ELEEN BRONN'S HEAVY WIDOWED MOTHER SOUGHT A TITLED HUSBAND FOR HER DAUGHTER. TRAVELING IN EUROPE, THEY MET YOUNG COUNT BARON LUPERCALIA, WHO INVITED THEM TO VISIT HIS ANCIENT CASTLE IN THE OLD MOUNTAIN TOWN OF LUPERCALIA IN CECRO-BOGOMIA. LEAVING PRIDE IN THEIR CAR WITH A MAID AND CHAMPEUR, ELEEN AND HER MOTHER STARTED ON THEIR TRIP. JUST OUTSIDE ANCIENT ANKULOR, THEY CAME UPON A STRANGE AND HORRIBLE SCENE...

MOTHER! HOW HORRIBLE! THEY'VE DRIVEN STAKES THROUGH THAT BODY!

SUCH BARBARISM! WE'LL PUT A STOP TO THAT! MADONNA! STOP THE CAR!



YOU CRUEL PEOPLE! HAVE NO RESPECT FOR THE DEAD!

MADAME! MY PARENTS CAME FROM THESE PARTS AND THEY HAVE TOLD ME OF THESE THINGS! VAMPIRES MUST BE STAKED IN THEIR GRABS, OR THEY RETURN TO THEIR TERRIBLE LIVES!



PULL OUT THAT STAKE, WACKO! VAMPIRES! NONSENSE!

THE VAMPIRE! EEDOW!





OH, NO!  
IT-IT CAN'T  
BE REAL!  
EEEEEE!

FOR YEARS THE CREATURE HAS  
RETURNED TO FEED UPON OUR  
LIVING AND DEAD! MANY OF US  
SAVE OUR LIVES TO TRAP IT--  
AND NOW YOU FREE IT! FOOLS!



WE'VE GOT TO GET  
TO THE CAR, MOTHER!  
THESE PEOPLE INTEND  
TO KILL US!



THE VAMPIRE! HE PROTECTS  
THOSE WHO SAVED HIM! BUT THE  
MARK OF THE VAMPIRE SHALL  
FOLLOW THEM!



HURRY, HURRY!  
GET AWAY FROM  
THIS DREAFFUL  
PLACE!

OH, MADAME--  
I TRIED TO WARN  
YOU! NOW IT IS  
SURE. WE SHALL  
MEET THAT THING  
AGAIN! ALL THOSE  
UPON WHOM THEIR  
EVIL SLANCE FALLS  
BECOME THEIR  
PREY!



BE QUIET,  
MADAME! IT  
WAS NON-  
SIBLE, BUT  
IT IS  
OVER!

I WONDER IF  
DOCT BARNABO  
AND HIS FATHER  
KNOW SUCH  
THINGS EXIST?  
I'LL BE GLAD  
WHEN WE REACH  
THE CASTLE!



IT WILL DOCK WHEN THE CAR REACHED THE ROAD THAT LED  
TO THE CASTLE...

THE CASTLE LOOKS SPOOKY  
BITING UP THERE, MOTHER!  
THE PEOPLE IN THE VILLAGE  
LOOKED AT US STRANGELY  
WHEN WE ASKED DIRECTIONS  
TO GET HERE!

NONSENSE, ELLEN!  
WE MUSTN'T LET THAT  
DREAFFUL EXPERIENCE  
HAKE OUR IMAGINATIONS  
SPOL THINGS FOR US!



A SHORT WHILE LATER, THE SPOOKS ARRIVED  
AT THE CASTLE AND WERE GREETED BY DOCT BARNABO...

WELCOME TO THE CASTLE OF THE  
LUPERCALIAS! I AM GLAD YOU BROUGHT  
YOUR HAND AND CHAFFEUX, BECAUSE THE  
CASTLE IS A LITTLE SHORT  
OF HELP RIGHT NOW!

OH, MADAME--  
I HAVE A FUNNY  
FEELING ABOUT THIS  
PLACE!



I AM SORRY MY FATHER IS NOT HERE TO MEET YOU, BUT HE OFTEN HAS BUSINESS IN OTHER PARTS OF THE COUNTRY HE LEFT FOR KRUMLOV A FEW DAYS AGO AND HAS NOT YET RETURNED.

KRUMLOV? THAT WAS NEAR THE PLACE WHERE HE HAD THE HORRIBLE EXPERIENCE TODAY!



CHILDREN YOUR COUNT BARON OF THE TOWN THE LAST COUNTER WITH THE VAMPIRE...

SURELY YOU DO NOT BELIEVE THAT REALLY HAPPENED! YOU WERE THE VICTIMS OF HIGH-DETERMINED! ON SUCH OCCASIONS HE FREQUENTLY THINK HE SET THINGS WHICH ARE NOT THERE AT ALL!



AH, OUR GUESTS HAVE ARRIVED! I MUST APOLOGIZE FOR NOT BEING HERE! I WAS DETAINED!

MY FATHER, COUNT PALCO, LUMBERGALIA!

COUNT PALCO, I FEEL A LITTLE PARTY! I MUST GO TO MY ROOM FOR A WHILE! COME, RILEY!



COUNT PALCO IS THE CREATOR! THE VILLAGERS WERE STRANGERS! HE IS THE VAMPIRE!

WE-WE MUST GET AWAY, IMMEDIATELY!



FATHER, WHEN THEY TOLD ME THE STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED NEAR KRUMLOV, I WAS SURE IT WAS TRUE! AND NOW THEY RECOGNIZE YOU!

IT WAS JUST A QUESTION OF TIME BEFORE THEY LEARNED OUR SECRET!



I BROUGHT BACK NO VICTIMS FROM KRUMLOV! THE ACCUSED PERSONS DROPT ME UNHARMED, AND I BOUGHT FRESH GRAVES! THEY WOULD HAVE DESTROYED ME, IF THEY HAD FORGIVEN STRANGING ME DOWN! NOW I MUST FEAR TO REGAIN MY STRENGTH!



THE VAMPIRE'S TRANSFORMATION OF THE LUMBERGALIA INTO A VAMPIRE...

I, TOO, MUST FEAR! THE GIRL, WHO IS MY BRIDE, BUT HAVING LEARNED OUR SECRET, SHE MUST SATISFY MY REVENGE! COME! DO NOT LET THEM GET AWAY!





FORGING HIMSELF TO GO ON, HE FINALLY REACHED THE VILLAGE.



IF I CAN ONLY  
GET HELP!

HELP--PLEASE--THE CASTLE--  
THE HORRIBLE COUNTS-- THEY  
ARE WEREWOLVES AND VAMPIRES  
AND HAVE MY NEIGHBORS IN  
THEIR POWER!



MORE OF US  
SAVE SO NEAR THE  
CASTLE, MY GIRL!

SINCE THE FIRST LUPERCALIA  
GAME HERE IN ROMAN TIMES, WE  
HAVE SUSPECTED THE POUL DEEDS  
THEY HAVE DONE! IT IS A FIERCE  
FORCE THAT HAS COME DOWN  
THROUGH THE CENTURIES, TURNING  
ALL OF THEIR NAME INTO  
VAMPIRES AND WEREWOLVES!



ALL THE MORE REASON  
FOR DESTROYING THE  
LUPERCALIA TITLE!  
ALL OF YOU TO-  
GETHER, COULD  
DO IT!



THE GIRL IS RIGHT!  
COUNT FALDO AND HIS  
SON MUST BE DE-  
STROYED! SET RAVES  
AND STAKES! THE LUPER-  
CALIA'S MUST PREY ON  
US NO MORE!



WHILE BACK AT THE CASTLE...



BARDO--  
MY STRENGTH  
GOES--YOU  
CANNOT  
DEFT ME!

I TOLD YOU--  
LOOK AFTER  
YOURSELF!  
SHE IS  
MINE!

THOSE  
PEASANTS  
TODAY SAID  
ONE MUST PERCE  
THEIR HEARTS!  
IF I CAN ONLY  
REACH THE  
TOWN...



I-I NEVER KNEW I  
WAS CAPABLE OF  
SUCH WILL!  
THERE, YOU  
INHUMAN BEAST!

**AIEEE!**



BLOOD!

HE'S OWN SON!  
UGH! BUT I'LL  
FINISH THIS ONE,  
TOO!





A FEW DAYS LATER, A BOAT HEADED TOWARD AMERICA. AMONG ITS PASSENGERS WAS A WOMAN WHO HAD TO BE KEPT LOCKED IN HER CABIN...



# THE CURSE

The sound of the dog baying awakened Hector Kalney. It was a long, mournful sound, coming in the quiet of the night, and Hector lay awake and rigid under the covers. It had been coming steadily now, each evening for the past week, and it reminded him of the curse on his family. A dog had howled then, too, when its master had been waylaid and murdered for his wealth by a long-dead Kalney.

The long drawn-out wail came again, and Hector Kalney couldn't stand it any longer. He knew he had to go make sure that his secret was well guarded.

Hector Kalney slipped softly out of bed. He padded down the stairs to the main floor and out to the kitchen. The door of the cellar squeaked slightly, but then he eased it open and went down the stairs. He hadn't been down there since the night it had happened.

He picked up the flashlight lying near the bottom of the stairs. Then slowly he spread its light over the opposite wall. There was nothing showing, no crevice, no uneven spot to reveal his secret. It was as he'd thought. He was safe.

Hector turned off the flashlight and turned to go. And it was then he saw it. Slowly out of the darkness there seemed to emerge a ghastly image. First the outline of a dead hand seemed to beckon him, and then the glow spread until the form emerged, the hideous death's head that had been John Lester smiling to grin at him from beyond the wall where the body was imprisoned. Clearly, so clearly is that light the dead man beckoned him through the wall!

Hector Kalney raised his hand and shielded his eyes from the image. "I will not look!" he muttered. "Dead men are gone forever!" But then unwillingly his gaze was drawn back to the wall, but the awful vision was gone.

Hector fled back to his bedroom. But there was no sleep for him that night even though the dog howled no more. As he tossed restlessly, he thought back on the terrible series of events that had reduced him to this state.

It had happened just a week ago, and the evening had started out just like any other. He remembered driving along the English countryside on his way home. And then he'd gotten the flat tire. It was fast growing dark, and he was cursing his luck when the stranger appeared.

It seemed the fellow had been hitchhiking his way across the border into Scotland, and he was

eager to help Hector out in changing the tire. Then the job was done, and as the stranger turned to go, Hector hesitated and through some strange impulse said, "Let me give you a lift part of the way."

It seemed as though the stranger had been waiting for the invitation for he accepted at once. "I don't mind if I do ride with you," he said, "for I am going in your direction."

On the way they'd become quick friends in the way travelers so often do when they meet on a lonely road. Finally they'd come to Hector's house, and he invited the man to dinner.

"My wife's away," he informed the stranger. "But there's sure to be something, and we'll take 'you back." And again the man was strangely agreeable. Yet it did not occur to Hector to ask the fellow's name. This was odd, because Hector was very wary of strangers, and for a modern man, kept always in mind the curse that was upon his family.

They'd had a pleasant meal, and then they'd gone down to the cellar to look at the chest that Hector was building. They did a bit of playing on the wood, and the stranger seemed impelled to talk about himself.

"I've spent all my life in Scotland," he said, "until my father died." He gave a short laugh. "He was a superstitious man and felt he was bound to stay in Scotland by an ancient and fearful curse."

At these words, some warning ran through Hector Kalney. "What was that curse?" he demanded, though he knew.

The stranger continued, "Over a hundred years ago, my great grandfather is said to have committed a heinous crime with another Scotsman. They waylaid a bridal couple laden with gifts, killed the groom and made off with the loot. But it is said that as they fled, the stricken bride cried them. 'Your love shall end in death by each other's hand! You shall slay each other as you have slain my love!' She turned such a look of hatred on the two that they dropped the silver and fled, one to England and the other into the wilds of Scotland. They swore never to move and chance to cross each other's path."

As the other stopped, Hector said softly, "And Kalney shall slay Lester, and Lester — Kalney! Suddenly the full meaning of what he was saying burst upon Hector, and fear coursed through him.

"How do you know this curse?" the stranger demanded warily.

Hector was suddenly conscious of the menacing planing tool in the other's hand. He kept his eyes on it as he said slowly, "I am Hector Kalney, descendant of that ancient Scotswoman."

"And I am John Lester," the other said. It seemed to Hector that Lester's hand had tightened around the chisel, and in the cellar quiet with just the drip of water from some leaking pipe above, he seemed to read the other's thoughts.

"Kill! Kill or be killed!" the silence seemed to whisper. "You can only be safe and survive if he is dead!"

Hector's eyes caught the gleam of the sharp-edged pick that lay near by. He tried to move closer so that he could grasp the weapon and defend himself. But the other man caught his movement and stopped toward him. Hector knew there was no longer time for posturing. He twisted and grabbed up the pick.

As Lester rushed at him, Hector lifted the pick madly and plunged it into the other's back with maniacal force. He felt the pick strike home, and yet as his frantic fear, it was not enough. Again and again he plunged the blade in until Lester lay dead on the floor.

Quickly Hector looked around him. In order to survive he knew his crime must not be discovered. As he snatched the room for a hiding place, his eyes lit on a section of the wall he'd been fixing. He'd removed a portion of the bricks. Now with a madman's strength he tore away more of the wall. Then he lifted Lester's inert body and placed it in the crevice. Hector Kalney worked feverishly all through the night closing the opening space. As the light of dawn came, the job was done.

Hector Kalney sighed now. He'd been sure the crime was lifted by his deed. But it was not so.

The next morning when he went down into the cellar and minutely examined the wall, there was nothing unusual there.

The following week, two weeks after his crime was committed, it happened again. Hector and his wife had returned late from a party. He was tired and thought to go to bed quickly. But then, as he started to undress, the awful howling came. With the need of a four-madness man, Hector fled to the basement. He did not need a flashlight, for as he approached the bottom cellar step, the room was filled with the terrible glow, and he could see John Lester beckoning to him through the wall.

And this time Hector seemed to detect something new in the specter's attitude, for there seemed to be a note of command in the way the ghostly hand beckoned, and the death's head smiled. As the vision gained, Hector felt his will desert him. Almost like a man in a trance, he unwillingly approached the

wall.

But then with a last burst of superhuman energy, Hector turned and fled. He fled up the stairs and out of the house. Somehow he knew he must flee if he were to avoid the ancient curse. Kalney had slain Lester — but in the end Lester must also slay Kalney, if from beyond the grave.

Along the brooding hedge-grown path he fled down toward the train depot. There was a night express to London, and he thought that there he could find refuge and safety.

But as he ran, the baying of the dog seemed to grow louder in his ears until suddenly as he rounded the path his way was suddenly blocked. It was the dog, and it seemed to Hector that it was enormously huge. It stood gray and ominous, only its eyes bright with a yellow glare, and it was silent now — but it would not let him pass.

Hector Kalney was a man gone berserk. He turned and fled toward the house again, feeling all the while the presence of the hound as it ran swiftly and silently by his side. It left him only when he entered the house again, and now for some strange reason Hector Kalney fled toward the cellar as if that were the only place he could find refuge and end his agony.

Stumbling, half falling, he clambered down the basement stairs until he reached the bottom. There he stood now, motionless as his fright and terror.

The specter seemed even more clearly etched now, and the skeleton hand was imperious as it summoned Hector Kalney to his fate. A man without a will, he approached the vision.

As he came close to it, there seemed to be the terrible rending sound of crashing plaster and brick as the specter tore itself loose from its perching place. Hector fell back, and desperately he tried to escape the clatching fingers that stretched out to him. But even as the scream came from his throat, the seeking hands closed around him and throttled off the sound.

That was how they found him. He lay dead in the basement. But strangely enough, there was no gaping hole in the wall. The cellar was neat, everything in place. But half lying across Hector Kalney where he had fallen was a strange corpse that was later identified as the body of John Lester. The corpse had started to decompose, and the constable estimated that he had been killed at least two weeks before. But what seemed most strange in the strange end to Hector Kalney was the fact that he, too, seemed to have been dead at least the same length of time as Lester. Yet there were many people who had seen him alive and well just the day before!

# SINISTER RETURN OF THE PRIESTESS OF Baal

THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO, BAS SHAMRA WAS THE DIVINE METROPOLIS OF NORTHERN SYRIA. ARCHEOLOGISTS HAVE EXCAVATED NEAR AREAS, SEARCHING FOR REMAINS FROM THE PAST. UNDER THE TEMPLE OF BAS SHAMRA THEY FOUND TOMBS, AND IN THE TEMPLE ITSELF STRANGE CLUES TO AN ANCIENT WORLD. TRADERS CAME AND WENT, PRIESTESSES PERFORMED BAAL'S STRANGE RITES—THEN DISASTER STRUCK THE TOWN, SO TODAY IT IS A CONTEST / PROFESSOR MAX TORNEY, HIS DAUGHTER, NADIA, AND THE PROFESSOR'S YOUNG ASSISTANT, RANDY'S FURGE, BUT RANDY, WERE AMONG THOSE HOPEING TO UNRAVEL SOME OF THE MYSTERIES OF ANCIENT BAS SHAMRA...

THERE IS A STRANGE LEGEND IN ANCIENT ASSYRIAN WRITTEN ON THE URN / IT SAYS: "IN THIS CONTAINER IS THE SOUL OF SENEDEDAN, PRIESTESS OF BAAL, WHICH SHALL DWELL AGAIN IN A BODY TO FLOREST BAAL, HER MASTER!"



IT'S CERTAINLY WELL SEALED / LET'S OPEN IT AND SEE WHAT SORT OF THING THOSE PEOPLE INHABED WAS THE SOUL /

TO VIOLATE SACRED VESSELS OFTEN BRINGS BAD LUCK IN ITS WAKE /



PROFESSOR—I'M SURE YOU DON'T REALLY BELIEVE THAT / LIKE NADIA, I'M CURIOUS / THERE—IT'S OPENED /



IT'S EMPTY! I EXPECTED SOMETHING MYSTERIOUS AND EXCITING!

I AM SURE WHO—EVER UNLEASHED THE JAR WAS FIRMLY CONVINCED THEY HAD PRESERVED THE SOUL OF THE PRIESTESS! LET'S GO DOWN TO THE TOMBS!

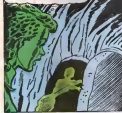


I'LL CONTINUE TO LOOK AROUND UP HERE! THAT HORRIBLE FIGURE OF BAAL FASCINATES ME! WAS IT TRUE THEY OFFERED HUMAN SACRIFICES TO HIM?

YES—I'M AFRAID IT WAS AN AGE OF GREAT CRUELTY!



THAT STONE! IT JUST OPENED! IT LOOKS LIKE A SECRET ROOM! PERHAPS I'VE FOUND SOMETHING NEW THAT WILL MAKE GUY AND FATHER PROUD OF ME!



IT'S SO DARK, I CAN SCARCELY SEE, BUT I SEEM TO HEAR A STRANGE NOISE, LIKE THINGS CRAWLING! PERHAPS IT'S THE WHISPER OF THE WIND!



SKELETONS! SNAKES! YEEEEEE!



THE STONE—IT CLOSED! FATHER! GUY! OH, YOU MUST HEAR ME! SAVE ME! HELP!



SUDDENLY ANOTHER VOICE SPoke IN THE TOMBS...

YOU LOBBED MY SOUL, BUT NOW UNFORTUNATELY, I FIND MY BODY NO LONGER SUITABLE TWO THOUSAND YEARS HAVE CHANGED IT! AND SO I SHALL TAKE YOURS!



NO! NO!  
HELP!

THEY CANNOT HEAR YOU! IN HERE, WE  
DRAINED OUR VICTIMS BEFORE THE CERE-  
MONY OFFERING THEM TO BAAL! AND HERE  
WE BROUGHT THEM WHEN THEIR BEATING  
HEARTS AND BLOOD HAD FED OUR DIETY,  
SO THEIR SOULLESS BODIES WOULD  
SERVE US IN THE HEREAFTER!



MY OWN BODY WAS ONCE YOURS  
AND BEAUTIFUL, BUT THE ONE  
IN A PLEASANT ONE FOR THE  
SOUL OF ABNEGAM--AND A  
BETTER ONE TO CONTINUE  
MY SERVICE TO BAAL!



IT IS WELL, PRIESTS  
OF BAAL! AFTER TWO  
THOUSAND YEARS, WE  
LIVE AGAIN!



THERE WERE SOME  
INTERESTING OLD  
GRAVES DOWN  
THERE, WANDA!  
WANDA! WHERE  
ARE YOU?



I HOPE SHE  
HASN'T FALLEN  
THROUGH SOME OF  
THE OLD RUNS!  
WE SHOULDN'T  
HAVE LEFT HER!

WANDA!

YES--HERE I AM! I WAS  
JUST STANDING IN THE SHADOWS  
AND YOU DIDN'T SEE ME!



WHILE BACK IN THE SECRET STONE CHAMBER, LET A  
HORRIBLE SKELETON!



YOU GAVE US A FIGHT, DARLING! IT ISN'T A GOOD TIME FOR US TO GET SEPARATED IN PLACES LIKE THIS!



IT'S GETTING DARKER! WE'LL COME BACK TOMORROW AND CONTINUE OUR STUDIES!

SOME OF THESE RITES PERFORMED FOR THEM EVIL-GOD BAAL MUST HAVE BEEN PRETTY HORRIBLE THINGS!



LEO THE LAME ENTERED THE LOST HOTEL FROM THE DARK OUTSIDE...

WANDA -- THAT SPOT OF BLOOD ON YOUR BLOUSE! WHAT HAPPENED? IT'S AS THOUGH YOU HAD BEEN STABBED THROUGH THE HEART!

I CLIMBED AGAINST A SHARP STONE -- JUST SCRATCHED MYSELF! IT BLEED AND TORE A LITTLE HOLE IN MY BLOUSE!



YOU MUST COME TO MY ROOM AND LET ME ATTEMPT TO IT ANYWAY! THERE IS GREAT DANGER OF INFECTION IN THIS COUNTRY!



IT IS NOTHING, I TELL YOU! LET ME ALONE!

IN THE HOTEL ROOM THAT BELONGED TO WANDA TORREY...

WANDA -- THAT SPOT OF BLOOD ON YOUR BLOUSE! WHAT HAPPENED? IT'S AS THOUGH YOU HAD BEEN STABBED THROUGH THE HEART!



BRINE VICTIMS, OH PRIESTESS OF BAAL! IT HAS BEEN TOO LONG SINCE BAAL HAS HEARD THE SCREAMS OF SACRIFICES AND WALKED IN THE RED BLOOD OF HUMANS!



YOUR PRIESTESS ASHMEHAN HEARS, OH BAAL! THERE SHALL BE A HUMAN SACRIFICE -- TORREY!



A LITTLE LATER...

YOU ARE VERY HANDSOME! DO YOU NOT LIKE WARD?

YES - I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL I EVER KNEW! BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE SHAMED TO GOY HAMFORD?



NOW COULD A GIRL THINK ABOUT GOY WHEN YOU ARE AROUND?



LET'S WALK! MY FATHER - OR ANY MIGHT SEE US! THE BURNED TEMPLE OF BAAL IS VERY BEAUTIFUL AT NIGHT, AND WE SHALL BE QUITE ALONE THERE!



LET THE MOON...

YOU GO AHEAD WITH YOUR FLASHLIGHT TO SHOW THE WAY! I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

SORT OF A SPOOKY PLACE AT NIGHT, ISN'T IT? AREN'T YOU AFRAID?



I AM DIFFERENT FROM MOST GIRLS, AS YOU WILL FIND OUT!



WHEN ARIEL'S DUE, REMAINED CONSCIOUS - YES, HE WAS ON THE SACRIFICIAL ALTAR!

BAAL DRINKS YOUR BLOOD! BAAL'S SACRED FIRE AWAITS YOUR BEATING WARM HEART! BAAL'S SACRED SNAKES AWAIT YOUR BODY!

NO! NO! THIS MUST BE SOME HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE!



OH, BAAL, AGAIN YOUR PRIESTESS SHALL PERFORM THE SACRED RITERS!





IN THE HOLLOW ROOM OF THE TEMPLE

WANDA-- WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? WAS THINKING ABOUT THAT SCRATCH YOU GOT TODAY AND BROUGHT SOME ANTISEPTIC FOR IT / WHEN I DIDN'T FIND YOU HERE, I BECAME WORRIED /



I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO WORRY ABOUT MY SCRATCH

BLOOD ALL OVER YOU ARE YOU INJURED?



IT'S NOT MY BLOOD, OLD FOOL / IT IS THE BLOOD OF MY SACRIFICE TO SAAL /

I CANNOT RISK YOUR WEDDING / I HAD INTENDED YOU AS A SACRIFICE TO SAAL, BUT I MUST GET SID OF YOU NOW /



ARR!

WANDA!

IN THE HOLLOW ROOM OF THE TEMPLE



FATHER! I--I HEARD YOU CALLING ME! BUT-- I HEAR YOUR VOICE / I--I WILL TRY TO COME /

WANDA! YOU MUST BE BRAVE! I'VE BEEN OUT LOOKING FOR YOU! AND IF I FIND-- I--I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



INTERFERING FOOLS! WHY COULDN'T YOU HAVE WAITED UNTIL I COULD FIND A CHANCE TO SACRIFICE YOU?



SHE'S SOMEWAT'S MUST CATCH HER BEFORE SHE HURTS HERSELF / IT'S HORRIBLE / I NEVER DREAMED A GIRL LIKE WANDA COULD HAVE A THING LIKE THIS COME OVER HER /

HE CHASED THE POLICE HE BELIEVED TO BE WANDA TO THE TEMPLE. THERE, THE GIRL PAINTED AND RIPPED UP A ROCK FROM THE FLOOR



ARRR!

**WHEN GUY REGAINED CONSCIOUS-  
NESS, HE WAS ON THE SACRIFI-  
CIAL ALTAR, AS SO MANY VICTIMS  
HAD BEEN BEFORE HIM.**

WANDA!  
WANDA! YOU  
CANNOT DO  
THIS HOR-  
RIBLE THING  
EVEN IF YOU  
ARE INSANE!

I AM NOT WANDA!  
I AM ASHMEBAR, PRIESTESS OF  
BAAL! BUT SINCE  
THE FLESH HAD  
ROTTED FROM THE  
BONES OF MY  
ORIGINAL BODY, I  
HAD TO FIND ANOTHER  
FORM IN WHICH TO SERVE  
BAAL! AND NOW, YOU  
WILL BE SACRIFICED!



**BUT THERE WAS AN INTERRUPT-  
ION, JUST AS ASHMEBAR WAS  
ABOUT TO FLING THE  
SACRIFICIAL KNIFE!**

NO--NO--I WILL SAVE YOU,  
GUY! I WILL END THIS WOOD-  
NESS! I HEARD MY FATHER'S  
VOICE CALLING ME! I--I  
COULD NOT SAVE HIM, BUT  
I CAN SAVE YOU!



TO IT  
DARE...?

MY SOUL WAS FORCED  
TO ACCEPT YOUR BONES,  
WHEN YOU TOOK MY BODY,  
BUT YOU CANNOT KILL  
ME AGAIN! I SHALL DE-  
STROY YOU FOREVER AND  
HAVE MY BODY BACK!

IT--IT'S  
INCREDIBLE!



BUT IF I MUST DESTROY MY BODY TO  
DESTROY YOU AND YOUR EVIL POWER, I  
WILL DO THAT, TOO!



**BEFORE GUY'S HORRIFIED EYES, THE CRUMBLING  
SKELETON AND THE FORM OF WANDA BOTH TUMBLED  
INTO THE SACRIFICIAL FIRE!**



**AFTER A SUPERHEROIC EFFORT, GUY MANAGED TO  
FREE HIMSELF.**

AAAAAAAAA!  
NO MORE CAN MY  
POWER WALK  
THE EARTH!

GUY--I AM WANDA! YOUR  
REAL WANDA! I MUST LEAVE  
NOW, FOREVER! DO NOT BE  
UNHAPPY FOR ME! FATHER  
AND I ARE IN A PLEASANT  
PLACE WHERE NO ASHMEBAR  
OR EVIL SPIRITS INTRUDE!  
ASHMEBAR'S SOUL HAS  
BEEN DESTROYED!

WANDA!



**AS WANDA'S REAL FORM FLEW AWAY, GUY STUMBLED  
OUT OF THE TEMPLE. THE FORM OF BAAL WAS NOW  
JUST CARVED STONE, TO BE VIEWED AS SAKRILENT,  
BUT GUY KNEW HE COULD NEVER LOOK UPON IT AGAIN.**

IT'S HARD TO REALIZE THIS  
HORRIBLE EVIL CAN LIVE FOR  
THOUSANDS OF YEARS AND THAT  
IT SHOULD BE THE DESTINY OF  
A MODERN GUY TO END ITS  
HORRIBLE POWER! I SHALL  
NEVER AGAIN BE CURIOUS  
ABOUT THE UNKNOWN! IT  
CAN BE TOO TERRIFYING!





